

WAR WILL END WAR

THE wish for peace is universal among mankind. This is the phrase in which the late Sir Thomas Barclay, who devoted so much labour to the promotion of international peace, summed up his conclusions on the question of peace and war.

Many great minds, belonging to many nations, have differed very widely on this subject, but it will generally be agreed, in present world conditions, that Sir Thomas was right.

This universal wish is perhaps sufficiently shown by the formation in the world of hundreds of societies established for the special purpose of abolishing war and beginning the reign of peace throughout the world. The last and greatest of these efforts was the formation of the League of Nations after the First World War. The Covenant of that League was attached to each of the peace treaties then made, so that it became part and parcel of them. The League, however, failed so badly that the Second and greatest World War followed that peace by only 20 years, in spite of the fact that defeated Germany was thoroughly disarmed at the conclusion of hostilities.

We Are All Combatants

In this Second World War, which has now been raging for four whole years, armaments have been made and used with a degree of efficiency and strength which has never before obtained. We have witnessed the emergence of air warfare applied in a fashion which has not only had an enormous influence upon land and sea encounters, but has inflicted enormous damage upon civilians, so that a nation at war must now take extraordinary precautions to protect from aerial bombing not only its armies and fighting and mercantile ships, but the workplaces, homes, and persons of its people.

WE have all become combatants; young and old, the sick and infirm, all alike are exposed to deadly attack. We have, therefore, now to realise that going to war is no longer a matter for trained fighting men, but a thing in which every life is necessarily put to hazard. Even if an enemy nation agreed to endeavour not to attack civilians, it would be exceedingly difficult to carry out the undertaking, because neither fighting men nor factory workers could be so isolated that airmen could confine their bombing to what could be regarded as "military objectives."

The Bombing Aeroplane

Moreover, in the endeavour to protect buildings and persons, it becomes necessary to organise civilian defence against fire attacks upon cities and stores, with all their paraphernalia of food, ammunition, and fuel dumps. Thus an enormous number of civil fireguards have in their turn to be exposed to attack. In short, when nation A goes to war with nation B, all the people of A are thrown into actual conflict with all the people of nation B.

So we have arrived at a position in which peoples, and not merely fighting forces set up by their governments, are directly involved in warfare. Thus, a new condition attaches to a national decision to make war. In the old days, it meant that organised fighting forces would be used against the

enemy, and that in return the enemy's organised fighting forces would be used against ours. The arrival of the bombing aeroplane means war in its most universal sense, a contest engaging the lives and hazarding the existence of the whole of a nation.

ALREADY terrible in degree, the future of warfare, if war is permitted to continue, will pale the terrible happenings of 1939-1943. Already in these few years we have witnessed an astonishing growth in the power of the air arm, so that we now see the enemy bewailing such exertions of bombing power by the R.A.F. and by the American Air Force; and he is at his wits' end to protect his great cities from attacks against which there is perhaps no effective defence.

The First Blow

We may be sure, therefore, that if war continues as a human institution, preparations for war will necessarily include such means for the destruction of mankind and his property and proud achievements as have never before been contemplated. It would be doubtful, indeed, if any nation could afford to make a formal declaration of war or give any indication of its intention to begin war. Who gets his blow in first will obtain an extraordinary advantage, and no nation will be able to postpone the preparation of both gigantic defences and means of retaliation. The last state of the civilian will therefore be worse than its first, and he will know that if his government begins war the efforts of those who command him may directly lead to the destruction of himself and his family, to say nothing of his work and property.

What then will be the influence of these considerations upon mankind? Can we suppose that the destruction of great monuments of civilisation will continue to be contemplated as worthy of human reason? Is the world deliberately to prepare itself for the periodic outbreak of scenes of mad destruction from which none can hope wholly to escape?

World Disarmament

Unfortunately, we cannot now take action save by continuing to do all that we can to spare civilians and civic property while directing our air attacks to true military objectives. This war, however, while it must be fought to a finish, is directed to much more than the mere prosecution of the arts of war and their magnification. *We are out to condemn war and its prosecution in defiance of human liberty.* That great end achieved, it must be our aim to make the recurrence of such war impossible. It is our hope to see armaments reduced to such a minimum as will suffice to keep the peace, ourselves taking part in the process of disarmament.

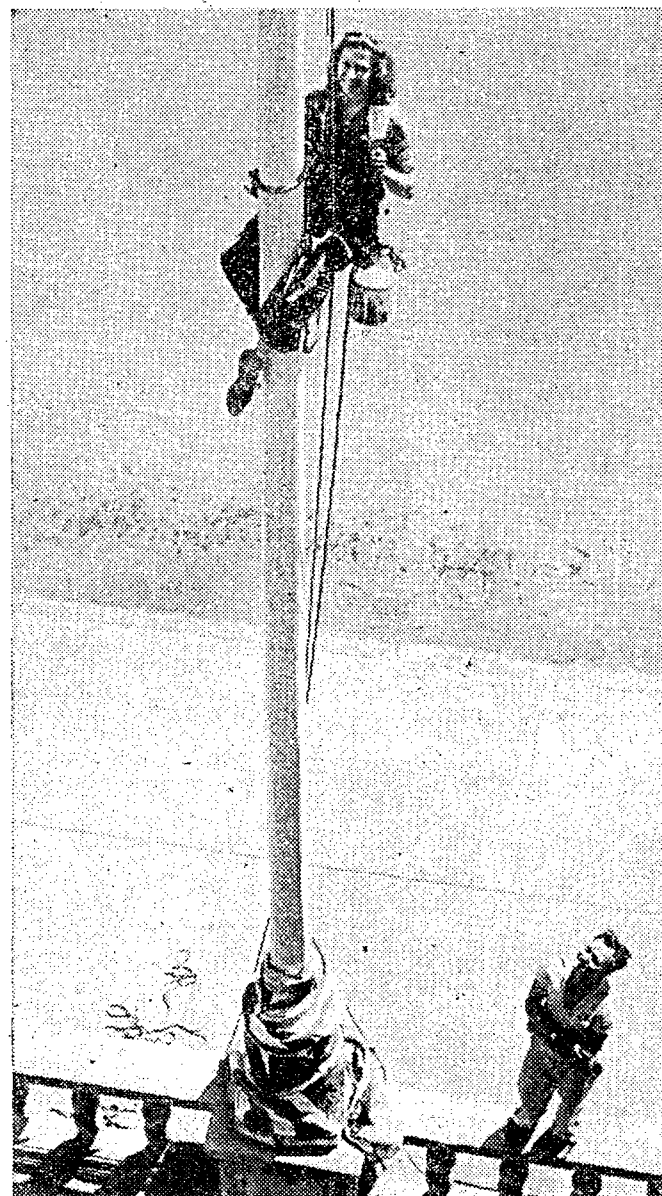
THERE is no doubt at all that the United Nations will play their part, first in world disarmament and alleviation of extremes of poverty, and afterwards in such measures of co-operation as will set all nations free to use modern scientific powers over matter and motion for the general good. International co-operation to ensure permanent peace and not national preparation for another war must be the outcome of the present world disaster.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

EVERY
TUESDAY
3d

POSTAGE
Inland 1d
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No 1276

FOUNDED BY ARTHUR MEE



Up Aloft

Most jobs formerly undertaken by men only are now being done by women, and America's Boston even boasts a woman flagpole painter, Rebecca Connolly

ELEPHANT FARM

ELEPHANTS are today playing a large part in the transport world in Africa. They are also needed in farming. In the Belgian Congo there is a farm to train them.

At Gangala, in the heart of the Belgian Congo, the African elephant, the wildest, strongest, and largest of its kind to be found anywhere, is trained for farm and other heavy work. The farm is run on strictly military lines, with three officers and 120 natives wearing the uniform of a Belgian cavalry regiment.

Every year about 20 young elephants take the place of a similar number of full-grown

animals trained to draw ploughs and wagons, or to carry logs and water-pipes. It is a fine sight to watch seven of these huge beasts abreast, pulling a monster plough.

Trained elephants called monitors assist in capturing the wild young ones. When a herd of elephants appears it is stampeded, and some of the young ones who lag behind are caught by a lasso thrown round a hind leg. The captive is then tied to a tree and later to two monitors—one on either side. It takes two years to tame and train an elephant, but at the end of this time it is as meek and willing as an ox.

Quebec Shows the Way to Victory

It was a high honour for French-speaking Canada that Quebec was chosen for the recent Anglo-American Conference at which President Roosevelt met Mr Churchill and Mr Mackenzie King, their ministers and war-chiefs gathered round them!

Until 1841 Quebec was the capital of Canada, and it still retains the distinction of being the most picturesque city of North America. Founded by Samuel de Champlain, the French explorer, in 1608, Quebec surrendered to the British in 1759, after General Wolfe had defeated Montcalm on the Heights of Abraham close by, both leaders falling in the battle.

With the early capture of Sicily, the severe blows on the Japanese at Wewak, the domination over the Luftwaffe and the U-boat, and above all the successes won by our Russian ally, the Conference met in an atmosphere of approaching victory, and there can be no doubt that its chief purpose was to plan fresh efforts for hastening the defeat of all our enemies.

The Air Shadow Nears Japan

AMERICA, like Africa, is now freed from the enemy.

The Japanese have left Kiska, their last captured stronghold in the Aleutian Islands. There were none left of the 10,000 Japanese, when the Americans and Canadians landed on August 15. Kiska was dangerous to relinquish because it provides the Allies with a base only 900 miles from the Kurile Islands.

This chain of 26 islands of various sizes, extends due north from Hokkaido, the northernmost isle of Japan, to the Siberian peninsula of Kamchatka. The population was hardly more than a thousand ten years ago. But since 1933 the Japs have built at least one important naval base in the Kuriles, if not more. When those bases fall to Anglo-American air and sea attack, the great naval base of Sapporo, capital of Hokkaido, and Japan's mightiest northern

The recent amazing increase, too, in the production of ships, planes, and munitions of war on the American Continent has made possible many more shattering blows than were foreseen during the last conference.

The attendance of Mr Soong, the Chinese Foreign Minister, pointed to more aid to his war-torn country, and there can be no doubt that Mr Eden will give to Marshal Stalin that long-expected news of a new front which will effectively relieve the Axis pressure on his 1200-mile front. The work of the conference will be revealed in events on many fronts.

Of one other decision we may be confident, and that is that no political expediency has modified the Casablanca demand for unconditional surrender.

bastion, would fall under immediate blitz. Before the last war, Sapporo had fewer than 38,000 inhabitants, and was still only the government-centre of the island of the Ainus, the despised aboriginal inhabitants of Japan, now dying out. In 1933, Sapporo's population had grown to nearly 178,000; to-day it must be a city of well over 250,000.

We can only conclude one thing from the evacuation of Kiska, that is that Japan's naval power is on the wane. Tojo occupied the Aleutians in the hope that he could not merely capture the East Indies and the Solomons, as he did, but also land on and occupy Australia, parts of the Canadian and United States west coasts. Now at last, by the brilliant strategy of General MacArthur, Tojo is being pushed back and Australia is safe. So, too, are Alaska, British Columbia, and the American Pacific coasts.

RUSSIA REBUILDS

HARD upon the heels of Russia's victorious armies comes another army, an army of peaceful pursuits.

In eight areas won back from the Nazis between Smolensk Province and the Caucasus this army of builders, engineers, farmers, and educationists is beginning the task of making the war-scarred countryside habitable and productive once more.

A committee of five is in charge of the work, which is to include the rebuilding of railway-stations, machine-shops, tractor stations, grain elevators, and homes for the workers. The land will be cleared and made ready for crops, and hundreds of thousands of cattle and other livestock which were removed to safe areas when the tide of war surged this way are to be returned.

Education is being provided for, including numerous schools and boarding houses for students, and even nurseries.

Work on all this starts on September 1 and it is hoped that some areas will be completely restored by the end of the year. It is a promise of more to come, both during the war as more areas are liberated and, on a much vaster scale, after the war.

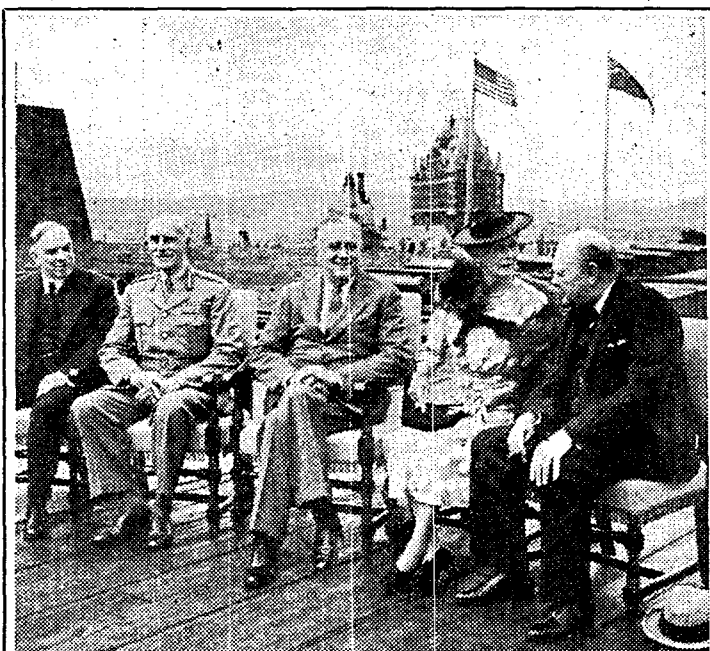
It is also an expression of Russia's confidence in the future.

WALKING PARSON

Filey, in Yorkshire, has lost a remarkable benefactor, for its Walking Parson has died at the great age of 93.

He was Canon Arthur Neville Cooper, vicar of Filey for 55 years, until 1935. He had given £24,000 to improve his church.

Most of this money came from his travel-books and lectures. Year after year, as September arrived, he would take a walking-tour on the Continent, covering 500 or 600 miles, always choosing a new route. In all, his walks totalled 15,000 miles. He was rescued once, on a walk in the Swiss Alps, by the famous dogs of the St Bernard Monastery.



War Leaders at Quebec

Mr Mackenzie King, President Roosevelt and Mr Churchill on the terrace of the Citadel with the Governor-General, the Earl of Athlone, and the Countess. In the background is the Chateau Frontenac.

Little News Reels

MR CURTIN and his Labour Government have won an outstanding victory in the general election in Australia, his party now having a majority over all other parties in both Houses.

The missionary cause is the poorer by the passing of the Rev William Paton, D.D., who was secretary of the International Missionary Council, and editor of its Review since 1927.

Alarm clocks imported from Canada and the United States are to be sold at 16s 9d to railway workers and road passenger transport workers, who will obtain Board of Trade permits through their trade unions.

The two-millionth gift provided by the Merchant Navy Comforts Fund was presented the other day in London Docks to Stoker Jock Brenner, who has been at sea for 45 years.

Mr C. H. Hawke, postmaster of the pretty little village of Mitchell, Cornwall, has by his own efforts collected £100,000 for war savings.

When RAF men in distress at sea release pigeons to summon help it is said that results follow in 86 to 96 per cent of the cases.

Youth News Reel

Scouts from many parts of the United Kingdom spent part of their holidays in training on the Discovery, the Sea Scout Training ship.

"You can come again next year if you'd like to," was the comment made by a forest official to a Scout whose axemanship he commended. The Scout had only learned to use an axe this spring.

In recognition of their splendid war service work Scouts of Oakland (California) have been given the privilege of naming a ship; they have chosen the name of Dan Beard, after a pioneer of Scouting in America.

He Died For Music

In a recent BBC programme of music by Brazilian composers were passages from the works of Antonio da Silva who was actually condemned to death for writing them.

Da Silva, born two centuries ago, is the earliest Brazilian composer of whom there is any record kept. His operas were not appreciated then as they are now, and accusation was made to the Holy Inquisition that they were impious and sacrilegious. For this reason he was executed.

Apart from the rumba and the tango which comprise so much of South American music, Brazil has, in two hundred years, added to the list of composers, Gomez for example, whose operas have gained a world-wide reputation.

She Thought of Coventry

It was a happy inspiration which led the late Countess of Limerick to leave all her furniture towards the restoration of Coventry Cathedral, a shrine which, it is said, she never saw.

In a nine-day sale at Hall Place, her beautiful 600-year-old home at Bexley, a sum of £27,725 was reached, £5000 more than the figure at which her estate was valued. The furniture fetched high prices, and Coventry will receive a bigger amount than anticipated.

By making a collection, 50,000 women of the Co-operative Guild have given a £1500 ambulance to Russia.

Five-sixths of the Allied land forces and nearly one half of the air forces operating in the South-West Pacific are Australian.

The Brazilian Minister of War, General Gaspar Dutra, on the first anniversary of Brazil's entry into the war, has promised that Brazil will send a strong expeditionary force to the battle zones to fight beside the rest of the United Nations.

A gun duel between a surfaced enemy submarine and a US Navy blimp in which the blimp was destroyed, produced the first recorded case of an airship being shot down by a submarine.

The Wings for Victory Weeks' campaign has raised £615,945,000, nearly 30 per cent of this huge figure representing small savings. The total was more than £70,000,000 in excess of last year's Warships' Week figure.

When a barrage balloon broke loose during a gale on the South coast its trailing cable wrapped itself round a 45-foot telegraph pole, pulled it up and lifted it into an adjoining street.

A BOYS BRIGADE Old Boy now serving with the RAF in Canada made himself known to a BB Company travelling in a street car; the Canadian Company has "adopted" him and invited the man to command their summer camp this year.

No. 337 (Hammersmith) Squadron won the cup presented to the best all-round athletic team at the first annual sports meeting of the London Command, A.T.C.

"The Boy Scout Detective" was the name given by a local magistrate to a Scout of the 2nd (H.G.S.) Halifax Troop, who helped the police to arrest two house-breakers.

MR WINANT MAKES HISTORY

WESTMINSTER ABBEY is so deeply revered by Americans that it was a surprise to learn that Mr Winant was the first American to give an address in this shrine of our common race.

Mr Winant was also the first ambassador to do so, and there could have been no one more fitting than the man who presided over the Touchstone meeting at Manchester on July the Fourth.

The occasion was one of the holidays-at-home talks, and Mr Winant reminded his hearers that the poets, writers, and scientists who lie in the Abbey wrote and worked equally for America as they did for this country. The books of each nation were read by both. Two of America's greatest poets, Longfellow and James Russell Lowell, were honoured by memorials in the Abbey; but only one American had been laid to rest there. He was Sir James Wright, governor of Georgia before the Civil War.

Many Old Westminster Boys, said Mr Winant, had become administrators of America in its colonial days, and 16 American boys who had attended Westminster School were today serving in the American Forces side by side with their British brothers.

No MORE OVRA IN SICILY

Amgot, the Allied ruler of Sicily has banned the Ovra, and all Sicilians are grateful for this boon.

The Ovra was Mussolini's secret police, which had the power of arrest and imprisonment without trial, in accordance with typical Fascist methods. Now no person in Sicily may be imprisoned any more unless he is charged with a crime, and proved guilty before a court where Amgot will ensure that he has a fair trial.

Though not to be compared in ferocity and cruelty with Hitler's Gestapo, Mussolini's Ovra was its model, and for that alone, not to mention its own misdeeds, it will go down to infamy in history. Amgot has set out, for all Sicily to read, the legal rights of the people, and the Carabinieri, who are the ordinary police of Italy and Sicily and have the people's confidence, are co-operating.

THINGS SEEN

A kangaroo hopping through the cornfields of Kent.

Notice in a confectioner's shop window: The first six people in any queue forming outside these premises will not be served.

SHIP AHoy!

AMONG the least-known of all naval activities is the work of the Admiralty Small Vessels Pool, composed of part-time Navy men, which ferries small ships around our coasts—and says nothing about it.

Recently a number of the Pool's men went off to America to begin the job of ferrying small ships built over there for the British Navy; they will ferry these ships across the Atlantic or wherever the Navy needs them.

It sounds like a job for Youth, but actually most of this happy team of adventurers are veteran officers of the Navy and Army anxious to play their part again in the hour of their country's need, even if it means serving in the ranks. In this team a lieutenant-colonel is an A.B., a colonel a boatswain, and a retired admiral is back at sea as a lieutenant. But their rank matters not. What does matter is that they are all serving their country, and all are one in that "great brotherhood that binds the brave of all the earth."

YORKSHIRE LAD

Sir John Huggins, KCMG, the newly-appointed Governor-in-Chief of Jamaica, who has recently been knighted by the King, is the son of a bricklayer at Wetwang, near Driffield.

He was educated at the village school, then at Driffield School, where he won a county minor scholarship to Bridlington School. Later he became a graduate at Leeds University. As a captain in his county regiment during the Great War John Huggins won the M.C., and at its close he entered the Malayan Civil Service. In 1939 he was appointed Deputy Governor of Trinidad, and since 1942 he has been head of the British Colonies Supplies Mission at Washington.

KENT'S PLUM KILNS

If there are more prunes available later on it may be due to the oast houses of Kent.

In some parts these hop-kilns are being used for drying plums, the yellow Czar variety making excellent prunes. Victoria plums are also being dehydrated by the same means, but, it is said, they retain their "plummy" flavour.

BORN IN CHURCH

To be baptised in church is commonplace, but to be born in church is quite otherwise. Yet John Cross of Invergordon was born in church.

That was 25 years ago. His home had been destroyed by fire, and it was while his mother and father were lodging in the church that John was born. When he was married recently the ceremony took place in the very church where he was born.

Giving Them Socks

THE women of Chungking have been busy making socks and shoes for Chinese fighting men.

The great need of these for China's front-line fighters was emphasised when a "troop comforting party" returned from Western Hupeh to Chungking late in June. So, on China's sixth war anniversary a shoes-and-socks-for-soldiers campaign was launched.

All classes of the community immediately took to the needle and thread to make the special types of socks and shoes worn by

Doughboys in Search of an Ancestor

THAT very interesting and useful organisation known as the Genealogical Society is very busy just now answering questions from American sailors, soldiers, and airmen of British descent about their ancestors. The files in its Bloomsbury office contain thousands of family records, fully detailed and going back for centuries. It would be a very unlucky "doughboy" who could not trace his own English, Scots, Welsh, or Irish descent from those well-arranged shelves.

Yet it is pure chance that any of these records remain, for the

building escaped the blitz on more than one occasion, and once stood alone and unharmed in a circle of fire blazing only a few yards away. Today the cause of Anglo-American friendship is being very materially advanced by the pride with which American service men and women here are able to follow the history of their British forbears in some remote village or quiet country town.

Just before the war, Nazis and others from Germany frequently visited the Society's library, and for a curious reason. They were

from families which had some British descent, and it was essential, if they were to secure employment, that they should be able to prove that they were "pure Aryans" for at least a hundred years, and that their British side showed no taint of non-Aryanism. It was not possible to deny them access to the records, which were open to all inquirers, as they still are. But it is not pleasant to think that they could use a learned London institution to satisfy the ridiculous whims of the demented Hitler.



Willing Helpers with the Apple Harvest in the Garden of England

CO-OPERATION

At an A.T.S. camp in the north of England 25 of the young women stationed there made a bargain with the men of a nearby depot that they would darn their socks if in return the men would dig up and cultivate the waste land around the A.T.S. quarters.

The bargain was accepted and now, on land previously unused, about 12 tons of potatoes are almost ready for lifting and 4000 cabbages and other greens give promise of a valuable winter crop. The men responsible for this not only have their socks neatly and efficiently mended, but once a week they are given lessons in darning in case they should be posted overseas or transferred to another camp.

China's soldiers, and in a few days thousands of pairs were displayed at a presentation meeting. One old lady of 70 living in a slum district, mother of a soldier, ransacked her dingy house and found two sheets of grey cloth which she made use of. At a monster rally a little later it was announced that a million Chinese dollars had been raised for the shoes and socks fund.

So the women of Chungking, by providing socks for their fighting men, are helping them to "give the Japanese socks."

GOOD SPORTSMEN

The corvette HMS Stonecrop which has been adopted by the people of Dukinfield (Cheshire) has several famous sportsmen in her crew. These include Sub-Lieut. R. L. Carter, three times capped for Derbyshire County Rugby Football team; Able-seaman Jim Elliott, the Liverpool Soccer centre-forward; and Engine-room Artificer J. E. Wells, who played cricket for Wilts; while Petty Officer J. McNully of Blackburn and Fred Elsom of Bristol are well known as boxers.

THE COLORADO BEETLE

We are being warned that there is danger of an invasion by the dreaded Colorado Beetle, or Potato Bug.

It is said to be now rampant in Europe, so allotment holders and others are urged to keep a sharp look-out for the beetles and their grubs on their potato tops.

The beetle is less than half an inch in length, yellow, marked with black longitudinal stripes. Its grubs are red. The beetle should not be confused with the useful ladybird, which has black spots. The appearance of the beetle or its grubs should be promptly made known either to the Ministry of Agriculture, or to the local County War Agricultural Committee.

The beetle is strong enough to fly to Britain from the Continent, and may be imported in the potato itself, but so far it has never established itself here.

THIS KIND WORLD

It is always cheering to hear of people who, even in these days of hard work and stress, find a moment to think of others. A C.N. reader who lives at some distance from the main road and whose house is approached by a long, rough path, recently noticed a pencilled scrawl on a letter he received. The sender, a very busy business man, had found time to write: Postman. Don't make a special journey with this letter.

Such an inscription would save country postmen many a walk, for the mail often contains letters or circulars which could very well wait.

Salvage at the Mint

IN an American Mint at Denver the Superintendent is taking out of storage all the old silver dollars for making into small coins. About 13 million damaged or defaced coins dating back to 1850, and taken out of circulation over many years, will be used.

Now their melting and re-use will serve the war effort in two ways:

Valuable copper will not have to be diverted to making the new coins, because the old dollars are already alloyed for coinage, their silver being mixed with copper.

Approximately 10,400,000 troy

GLEANERS, 1943

NEVER have the fields of England seen so many gleaners as in these days of our bountiful harvest.

The removal of the stooks and the harvesters has been the signal for the arrival of the gleaners equipped with baskets, sacks, paper bags, and anything that would hold the precious ears of grain left on the ground.

In olden days the custom was regarded as a right and the poor were allowed to garner what they could; and although it is no longer a right it is recognised as a privilege for the families of harvesters alone in many parts of England. But in these days many others have joined the throng of gleaners, either with or without the consent of the farmers, though few farmers, surely, would refuse permission.

With poultry food scarce such a golden opportunity could not be allowed to pass, and many back-garden hens will be giving more eggs as a result of this revival of an ancient custom.

THE RIGHT STAMP

A small boy came up to me the other day (writes a correspondent) and asked if I could tell him where he could buy stamps. As we were standing near a Post Office I was suspicious at first, feeling sure there must be a catch somewhere, but the little fellow's face was very serious, his tones very earnest.

"Well," I said, "you can buy stamps at this Post Office."

He looked me up and down, and then said in disgusted tones: "No, not things like that. I mean real stamps—stamps you stick in albums!"

STEEL-COVERED BIBLES

There is a brisk sale in the United States for Bibles made with steel jackets so as to fit a Serviceman's pocket over the heart and serve as a shield to deflect a bullet or bayonet.

These Bibles, and also Prayer Books, are bound in khaki or blue and are being presented in large numbers to men of the U.S. Army and Navy.

THE BIRTHDAY WEEK

In a family at Palmerston North, New Zealand, seven birthdays were celebrated on seven successive days, as follows: Friday, April 23, grand-daughter; Saturday, April 24, daughter; Sunday, April 25, grandmother; Monday, April 26, grandson; Tuesday, April 27, grand-daughter-in-law; Wednesday, April 28, great-grandson; Thursday, April 29, great-granddaughter.

ounces of virgin silver, about 366 tons, will be made available for use elsewhere than in coins.

It will not be necessary to mint any silver dollars, for there is still a reserve of approximately 30,000,000 new ones stored in the Denver vaults. In fact, none have been made there for nine years, as the use of silver dollars is not extensive. Eastern America prefers the light and compact currency, and many a tourist in past years has been thrilled at the strange Western custom of using silver dollars in everyday transactions, and has taken home one or more as a souvenir.

The EDITOR'S TABLE

September the Third

SEPTEMBER the third, which is so momentous a date to us, was also a date that dogged the career of Oliver Cromwell.

On September 3, 1649, Cromwell launched his Irish campaign with the siege of Drogheda on the Boyne; on September 3, 1650, he clinched the issue in Scotland and gained the decisive victory of Dunbar; on September 3, 1651, the last important elements of Royalist resistance were quelled in the neighbourhood of Worcester. So Cromwell came to regard this as his Fortunate Day.

But before long came Fate's ironical jest, for it was on the anniversary of his famous victories, Friday, September 3, 1658, that the Protector died.

FARM COTTAGES

AN extraordinary situation is reported from a Kent district which was to have had several of the new farm cottages.

Local builders did not tender for the work, fearing that they would not be able to obtain labour, so the contract was given to a London firm. This firm has now informed the local authority that work on the cottages is held up because they are unable to get local labour!

A Chance For the Post Office

FOR long the CN has protested against commercial advertising in the Post Office books of stamps.

The demands of war have now removed the advertisements from the little books and in future the leaves between the stamps are to be of inferior paper and will carry Post Office and other official slogans, while postage rates will appear on the covers.

May we hope that when better paper is available once more the fly-leaves will be used, not for commercial advertisements, but by the Post Office itself, to give the public more information about the many useful services of the nation's own great commercial undertaking.

The Government Makes a Sacrifice For Us

ADVERTISEMENTS have been explaining to us that we are to have less chocolate because the Government is setting aside stocks of chocolate to be given to the starving children of Europe.

Most of us will be glad about this; we have been anxious to share our good things with those whose need is greater. The Government has taken us at our word—though it can make no distribution to the occupied countries until the Allies are in control.

At their Yearly Meeting this August the Society of Friends welcomed the Government action with regard to chocolate, and said they would be glad to see the same thing done with other foods. They thought England should be prepared to share her

rations with her neighbours on the Continent in the post-war period.

It is one thing to give up one's food voluntarily to save a hungry child; it may seem a quite different thing to have the sacrifice taken out of one's hands and made on one's behalf, as it were, by the Government. We have got to learn to make these sacrifices cheerfully and willingly and to see that public opinion supports the good action of our Government in sharing with others. Some advertisements promise us that "after the war" we shall have again all the luxuries to which we were used; we must see to it that a natural desire to take things more easily does not lead us selfishly to demand "cake" before others have "bread."

Pleasant Polish Guests

THERE is a certain part of our countryside to which Polish soldiers have come, and the quiet and rather shy villagers soon made friends with them. It was interesting, writes a friend of the CN, to hear what one resident, a scholar, had to say about them.

For smartness and soldierly bearing, he commented, even our own men might learn something from these exiled Poles. For good manners and behaviour, courtesy to women and kindness to children, their record is exceptional. They are not only far away from their own homes, but tucked away in sleepy villages with little to amuse and divert their leisure

hours. Yet they fit into the life of the place, find their own calm and serene diversions, and never complain of anything. True, the country folk show them great sympathy and understanding, and that helps much. But exiles are not always as cheerful as these Poles in British battledress.

One day, and perhaps sooner than we now expect, they will return to their own devastated but undaunted land, some with British wives and children. We are glad to think that they will take with them happy remembrances of their sojourn in our countryside during some of Poland's saddest but most historic years.

To Australia by Air For £20

EMIGRATION to Australia after the war will be an important question for the Commonwealth.

A member of the Australian House of Representatives, who is a Wing Commander, has declared that with an appropriate government subsidy the passage by air from Great Britain to Australia should be reduced to £20. In pressing for such a subsidy, he pointed out that cheap post-war aviation could bring thousands of emigrants to the sparsely-populated continent.

The Wrong Spirit

A COMPETITION prize offered at a Sea Cadets dance in a South Coast town was—a bottle of whisky! We are glad to read in a local newspaper that the dance was "not well supported" by the Cadets themselves.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT

MR ARTHUR HORNER, the head of the South Wales Miners' Federation, has been pointing out to the miners he leads that our consumption of coal through increased military operations makes it imperative to improve output. The next few months will be decisive in determining the length of the war. "Every man in the mines must, therefore, regard himself as in a 'Coal Commando,' ready to perform great feats in production."

It is true that on the Home and Factory Fronts no less than at sea, in the air, and in the field it is the Commando spirit that will finish the job as we mean it to be finished.

As we enter the fifth year of the war let us all proceed in that fearless spirit!

JUST AN IDEA

We must all agree with Robert Hichens that the nature which cannot accept a kindness prompted by affection and sympathy is a nature poor and mean.

Under the Editor's Table

Noeaks may be sold unless they are trimmed. But everybody can get a tidy few.

Most allotment holders have good hearts. Like their cabbages.

A SHOPKEEPER declares that a notice saying "Dogs Not Admitted" had no effect. Perhaps the dogs couldn't read.

THE chicken that was rescued from under a train after it had travelled for ten miles will have something to crow about.

NUT trees are easy to grow. But nuts are hard.

THE housewife who said she could not remember dates could have bought sultanas.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If opticians require pupils

BIGGER children's allowances are to be made to sailors. What about the smaller ones?

A GROCER complained because he had some tinned fruit left on his hands. He should have put it on the shelf.



Flying Sea Cadets

Sea cadets climbing into a Walrus amphibian plane at a Royal Naval Air Station where they spent a happy and instructive week

A Great Russian Philosopher

Too few people today throughout the world, even among Russians, know much about that great Russian, Vladimir Solovioff, who died at the beginning of this century, and who wrote and lectured superbly and convincingly on philosophy and religion.

And yet, on these two subjects, Solovioff is probably the greatest authority whom Russia has ever produced. From among his hundreds of fine writings the following few lines, translated by a CN reader who, as a boy, knew this fine man, give Solovioff's test for our conscience and conduct:

Before deciding upon any act which is of significance to one's own life or to that of Society, one only needs to evoke, in one's soul, the moral image of Christ, to concentrate upon that image, and to ask oneself: "Would He do such a thing? Would He

approve of it or not? Would He bless me, or not, if I were to do it?" I recommend this test to everybody, it will mislead no one. . . . Recall Christ, imagine Him to be alive, as He is indeed alive, and lay upon Him the whole burden of your doubts. He has agreed beforehand to take upon Himself that burden together with all others; not indeed to free one's hands for every abomination, but so that, having leaned upon Him one might refrain from evil and become, in these doubtful matters, the vehicle of His undoubted Truth. If all men of goodwill, private persons as well as social workers, and Rulers of Christian Peoples, were to turn now to this sure method in all dubious cases, that already would be the beginning of the Second Advent, and the preparation for the Judgment Day of Christ!

International Rally in Scotland

CHILDREN of nine nations, representing the Allied and enslaved nations, have been living happily together at Drumtochty Castle, in Aberdeenshire, in a miniature International League.

Since the fall of Norway, Drumtochty Castle has been the centre of Norwegian education in Scotland, and here live the children brought over by their parents from the Lofotens and other raids. The camp is known as a Nansen Camp after the great explorer, and was originally created by the Education Committee of the League of Nations. In the camp of about 80 children,

aged from 13 to 17, are Scandinavians, Scots, English, Americans, French, Netherlands, Poles, Greeks, and Czechoslovaks.

Each day starts with P.T. under Dr Ambros, who helped to make football popular among the Czechs, and closes with camp-fire songs and folk stories.

The national flags which fly over this camp will be given to Mr Nils Hjelmteit, who will take them back to a freed Norway, where, in the not too distant future, the Norwegians hope to act as hosts to just such another gathering, but on their own soil instead of in the Highlands.

NEW PEOPLE FOR A NEW WORLD

WAR is a great teacher. The very hideousness and tragedy of it quickens man's creative imagination and sensibility.

To see one world doomed and destroyed is always a challenge to us to build afresh and to build better. Under the stimulus of war we are now leaping forward in plans and dreams for a new and more worthy world.

It is not enough, however, to build new buildings and plan new cities. They will be mere sham containers unless there are new people to dwell in them—people strong in mind and body who have the grace and grit to see that their world with all its brilliant apparatus for living is not utterly equipped for life unless it contains the right people.

Aberdeen's Achievement

Something of all this may be noted in the wide and lovely inclosure known as "war-time nurseries." There in the fresh romance of childhood, in the midst of a world at war, a new world is shaping. In Scotland's silver city of Aberdeen we saw one, strong and sturdily built of granite. It is built to last for ever, and the winds of the north-east coast sweep through its spacious rooms. Most of those rooms are as much "without" as "within." The granite walls give way to folding glass and the little children look out on a world of green grass. Bright flowers flash everywhere; there are little beds and little chairs; little spoons, little dishes, little tables. Cups are not just cups, but brightly coloured beakers which two small hands can grasp confidently. Nothing is too high and nothing too big. It is just right for the "under five." It is made for him; there he is at home where he can play and be himself. It is his new world. He is a leader of the new people.

The war taught us thoroughly and quickly that nurseries and nursery schools are part of the new world. In January of this year there were in England and Wales 1129 Government day-nurseries with another five hundred about to be opened. Most of these grew up quickly because women were wanted in war industries and could only be enrolled if their children could be properly cared for.

A Happy World

In over 400 residential nurseries, too, there are 13,000 cots, each filled with a lusty youngster enjoying the ordered regularity, good food, and happy games of a happy world. The horrors of war have quickened us to invent and invent quickly—a whole new world for little people in these islands; little people who, while death and destruction are perhaps visiting their homes, are being cared for as people of a new world.

Much of this began before the war. We can never go back to a world without these lovely places where little children gather as citizens to be.

"Give me the child until he is five," say the experts in psychology. Here is the nation's answer to that cry. But not only when he is five must we look to him as a potential citizen. When he is seven or eleven, at fifteen, or eighteen, at twenty-one. Any of those ages are ages of adventure and possibility. Then is the

human spirit more wide open than in later years to all the great adventures which unselfishness and caring for others may bring. It is then, as a nation, we need to marshal all our forces of imagination, drama, colour, and romance to stir the spirit and guide the ambitions of youth.

New people will make the new world. Charters and treaties are important to give us general guidance and direction, but statesmen are helpless without the dedicated offering of the life of the ordinary man. We cannot expect a new world after the war unless we can find ways and means to grow new people. The war has shown us the importance of the ordinary man and woman. We need every ounce of their energy and devotion now while the struggle with evil lasts. We shall need that same energy and devotion in the post-war world.

Our Future Leaders

What kind of world we shall have in twenty years' time depends a great deal on the "under fives" in the war-time nurseries. The colour and romance, the kindness and care we now give them will fashion the world to be. Great men and women begin as small children and are shaped by their environment. Somewhere perhaps in a war-time nursery is the toddler who will one day be Prime Minister of Britain and a leader of the world's free peoples. There, too, are the poets and writers, the preachers and artists, the explorers and adventurers of the new world.

It is no idle dream to assume that out of the awful evil of war we may see the rise of new life. Every war-time nursery is a symbol of that hope. From the seeds that are sown there we shall reap a rich harvest. In the war-time nurseries of Britain in the shadow of the great cloud of war there are already the rich promises of life to come. There is no gloom in these centres of light; no over-anxiety about the morrow. There is life, gaiety, and simple joy, and the nation which can cultivate these in all its little children is surely building its new people for a new world.

Appeal From Scotland

This appeal is issued by the Scottish Committee for Women's Social Welfare which sends it out on a card with the title "Let us be at our best."

As much work as possible.
In as little time as possible.
With as little waste as possible.

Doctors tell us all alcohol drinks deceive us.

They make us think we are working harder and producing more work than we are.

They cause us to be late at work. They cause absenteeism.

They lead to quarrels in works and factories.

They cause many road accidents.

CARRY ON

GOOD BOOKS

WHEN in the desert Moses saw the fire

About the bush which still was unconsumed,

He knew God met his soul's supreme desire

And that God's Presence all his way illumed.

So, when the Nazis burn good libraries down,

The books are not destroyed; man's thought lives on;

A precious book is of man's life the crown,

Surviving life-blood when the life is gone.

The body may be killed; the soul still lives;

Book's binding is the corpse, the thought the soul;

O'er seas and mountains thought its message gives,

The frontier of good books is not the Pole.

There are eternal facts which thought destroys:

Heaven's timeless ore is free from earth's alloys.

T. Pittaway

IF I RISE

IF I fall

I hinder all;

If I rise

To the skies

I shall help to drag the load

One step farther on the road,

On the common road we climb,

Dead and living for all time.

Janet Begbie

An Exceeding Great Reward

POETRY has been to me its own exceeding great reward: it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

A Day's Delights

THE sun just rising o'er the wooded height,

To fill the new-born day with life and light;

A walk midst country lanes, and fragrant bowers,

A cottage garden full of lovely flowers.

The rolling seas beneath a cloudless sky,

A sandy sunlit beach where sea-gulls fly;

A wild bird singing in the fading light,

The peace and glory of a starlit night.

The joys and blessings of a mind content,

The happy memories of a day well spent;

The satisfaction of a task well done,

The thought of having helped another one: E. Oxburgh

LOVE OF COUNTRY

THERE ought to be a system of manners in every nation which a well-formed mind would be disposed to relish. To make us love our country our country ought to be lovely.

Edmund Burke

Arthur Mee on Man's Guiding Spirit

GREATER even than knowledge is faith; greater than the mind itself is the soul of man that will bring the nations righteousness and peace. He who set the worlds in space, who led us out of midnight into the noonday sun, has sent into the world a Spirit to be our guide. The power that nothing known on Earth can stand against, the power that never yet has known defeat since Christ refused to die on Calvary—what is it?

It is the power of the Creator in the soul of man. It is the power that stirs within us when we face disaster calmly for the sake of those we love. It is the power that moves a mother to the sacrifice that saves her child. It is the power by which men leap from trenches to die in a pitiless fire for the land of their fathers and the land of their

children. It is the power behind the love of truth when truth means bitterness and death, behind the sacrifice of time and wealth and ease for the sake of the friendless and the poor. It is the power that moves us when we dream of a world that shall be nobler yet.

The love of beautiful things, the love of pure minds and healthy lives, the generous beating of the human heart that we call unselfishness—what are they but the power of God Himself, and therefore the power that nothing else can break? Peace will beat war in the end as Good will beat Evil; peace has beaten war all along and is winning the fight; it will beat it because nothing can stand against the power of the Spirit of God enshrined in man.

Composed Upon Westminster Bridge, September 3, 1802

EARTH has not anything to show more fair:

Dull would he be of soul who could pass by

A sight so touching in its majesty;

This city now doth, like a garment, wear

The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,

Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie

Open unto the fields, and to the sky,

All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep

In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;

Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!

The river glideth at his own sweet will:

Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;

And all that mighty heart is lying still.

Wordsworth

BEHOLD I SHOW YOU A MYSTERY

BEHOLD, I show you a mystery:

We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be

brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord. St Paul



THIS ENGLAND The Royal Family make a tour through Sandringham Park at harvest time.

FRUITFUL JOURNEY OF A LEMON TREE

A BUMPER crop of Eureka lemons in Szechwan was recently reported by Dr Frank Dickinson, head of the agriculture research institute of West China Union University, at Chengtu. One 8-year-old lemon tree in his garden bore 350 lemons this spring.

Throughout Szechwan, there are tens of thousands of Eureka lemon trees grafted on local pomelo root stocks, each with a bearing capacity of 300 to 400. Grade A lemons annually.

The first Eureka lemon tree came to Szechwan from Florida 20 years ago, and this is the story Dr Dickinson tells:

"In 1923, a small upriver boat bound for Chengtu pulled out from the muddy shores of Chungking with a family of missionaries, household supplies, and some additional freight on board. In the freight there was a box of citrus fruit trees which had been brought all the way from Florida. The precious box of young trees was marked 'With Care and Keep Away From Boilers.'

"Just as the boat was nearing Kiating, she was rammed by another boat which had lost its control in a rapid farther upstream. The trackers' bamboo rope snapped and the boat with its precious cargo was carried swiftly down the river into the middle of the terrifying whirlpool, then driven on to a sharp rock, and down to the bottom of the Yangtse River went the boat and its valuable cargo.

"Members of the missionary family, together with their Chinese crew and shore help, succeeded in raising the boat and then set out to dry what belong-

ings were left and save what they could. The box of fruit trees was set aside with the thought that a good soaking in the river would do the trees no harm.

"The trees had been carefully packed in moss, but on arrival in Chengtu two weeks later it was found that the bark from a number of the water-soaked trees had sloughed off and the trees, when planted, refused to grow. However, one Eureka lemon tree recovered from the soaking and gradually got its roots used to local Szechwan conditions. The original tree itself never made a showy appearance, but she carried on her rough lemon root system, producing through the first few years of her life in Chengtu a goodly supply of scion wood and thus became the pioneer and parent of tens of thousands of lemon trees in Szechwan Province.

"There was a good deal of rejoicing when the first Eureka lemon ripened. A master hand cut the first lemon into 24 slivers, and 24 families in Chengtu had a lick at their first lemon."

Bricklaying in Russia

The number of bricks that can be laid in a day with credit to the bricklayer has often been in dispute, and now we have a story from Russia that a young Russian bricklayer, working in Stalingrad, laid 14,037 bricks in 13 normal day shifts.

Behind the Long Red Line

From a Russian Correspondent

A TALL, 18-year-old girl with a merry twinkle in her blue eyes threw back her long blonde braids, saying, "Do you call this ploughing? It's grain that we want from this field, not weeds."

The girl took her place behind the plough and followed it with her long, mannish strides. She moved forward, leaving deep furrows behind her.

"Do you know now how to do it?" she asked the rather undersized lad.

"I do," he nodded.

"Now let's see."

The lad again returned to the plough and moved a few steps.

"You didn't understand after all," she continued, smiling. "Why do you strain your back like that? It won't help, but only tire you out—and you call yourself a ploughman!"

She again showed the lad how to handle the plough, and did not leave him until convinced that he would cope with the work.

Then the girl turned her attention to another youthful ploughman. There, too, things did not run smoothly. The young spirited horse did not obey the lad and kept zigzagging now right, now left.

"What's the matter, Valentine? Your horse won't listen to you."

"No," he said, rather crestfallen.

The girl patted the horse, took the bridle, and showed how the horse should be directed.

Up and down the field she went, making her inspection. Before dinner she discovered that Ploughman Ivan Prezentseg exceeded his target by 50 per cent, while Alexander Bolshakov, on the other hand, fell short of the target. Why? While the ploughmen were having their after-dinner rest she discussed with them the quality of the work. She soon discovered why Bolshakov lagged behind; he worked negligently and without any enthusiasm, as he was compelled to admit before his comrades. He promised to improve.

To allot duties in time, to distribute people properly, provide them with everything necessary for their labours, and inspect the quality of everyone's work, one needs much time and skill. This young girl copes with her duties because she devotes to them all her time and ability. She instructs many, but never ignores advice. The brigade of young Anna Gubanova of the village of Leontyev, Sosnovka District, Gorky Region, is considered one of the best in the district.

AN EMBARRASSING GIFT

In their gratitude the peasants of Sicily have laden our soldiers with presents, but a commanding officer was at a loss when a farmer insisted on giving him a cow, with the condition that it was to be sent at once to Cairo, where it would be both useful and in safety.

The officer suggested many alternatives, but the farmer was adamant, so finally the animal was actually sent off to Cairo in a bomber, and when last heard of was placidly chewing the cud on the floor of the plane.

THE CHANGING PLANETS

Venus Passes & Mars Approaches

VENUS, now gone from the evening sky, will pass below the Sun on Monday, September 6, writes the C.N. Astronomer. As seen from the Earth she will then be about 15 times the Sun's apparent width below him in the sky. Actually Venus will then be very much nearer to us than the Sun; in fact at her nearest and about 26 million miles away.

She will travel from left to right but will not be visible because her dark, unlit side will be towards us. In a fortnight's time Venus will reappear as a "Morning Star" low in the east, where she may be seen to rise to great brilliance by the end of September and will be a splendid object throughout the autumn; but she is now receding from us.

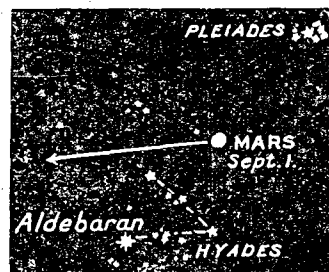
Mars is now becoming a brilliant object and may be seen low in the east by 11 o'clock. He is well worth looking for just now on account of his interesting position, apparently in close proximity to Aldebaran, the reddish star of the Bull. It will be

tween him and the Earth. At present Mars is about 82,500,000 miles away, but in a month's time this will have been reduced to about 72,000,000 miles, an average of some 350,000 miles a day. This represents the average extent to which the Earth is gaining on Mars just now owing to her greater speed; they will be at their nearest together by the end of November.

In the meantime Mars will grow in brilliance and will become more like a red danger-signal in the south-east evening sky, outshining all other objects. However, he will not attain to the brilliance of his last apparition of two years ago, as he does not come so near to us on this occasion. This is because the distance of Mars from the Sun varies so much, to the extent of 26,000,000 miles. So whereas Mars may be as near as 128,500,000 miles when at perihelion, or its nearest to the Sun, the planet may be as much as 154,500,000 miles away when at aphelion, or his farthest from the Sun. If this happened to our world life would be very much harder for us, but, as it is, the Earth has a difference of only some 3,000,000 miles between perihelion and aphelion.

Now it so happens that the orbits of the Earth and Mars approach their nearest together in August, and when the planets happen to be both in that part of their orbits at the same time there occurs what is called a very favourable opposition, and Mars may be no farther than 34,600,000 miles away. This happens at intervals of from 15 to 17 years. On this occasion when the Earth is at her nearest to him Mars is placed much farther along in his orbit, almost midway to aphelion, and so will not appear so bright or so large telescopically; but his high altitude above the horizon will place him much better for observation during the long autumn and winter evenings to come.

G. F. M.



seen that Mars adds considerably to the stellar glory of the Hyades cluster.

At the beginning of September Mars appears midway between the Hyades and the Pleiades cluster, which will be readily recognised above the Hyades; but as Mars is speeding eastwards along the path indicated on the star-map, he soon nears the Hyades and apparently passes above them. The extent to which Mars will travel during September is shown by the arrow. It will therefore be interesting to note his change of position relative to Aldebaran which now appears not nearly so bright as Mars. As they rise earlier each evening they will soon become easy to observe by 10 o'clock.

Mars is now rapidly brightening as the distance decreases be-

The County Library's Helping Hand

LIKE most British institutions the County Libraries and librarians are waging their part in the war, diligently and well; and theirs is no small part.

Libraries are full of good things, and it is the job of librarians to see that these good things are shared. Everybody loves a book, and it is their job to see that everybody get a book, be it for leisure or study.

The County Library of John Bunyan's little Bedfordshire has special war services which are typical of the splendid service being given by county libraries up and down the land. It is doing admirable work in supplying books to the Army, A.T.S., and W.A.F. Units, to military hospitals, aerodromes, to Civil Defence, munition factories, and the like. Books are distributed in various ways—by collections of 50 to 1200 books to a unit, each collection being entirely changed

three times a year; through the Reference Library Service; and by direct issue to individual members of the Forces. Books wanted for urgent technical purposes are also sent by post.

Help is also given to Educational Officers and lecturers, particularly in the recommendation of suitable books for students; and in addition the Bedfordshire County Librarian has personally lectured to units of the Forces and at the same time studied their book problem at first hand.

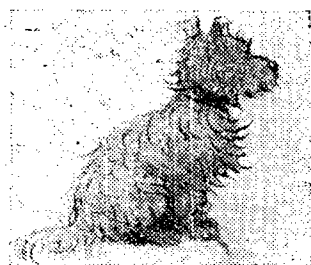
The adjustment to war conditions in the lending of books has meant much skilful organisation, and although much has been achieved, much still remains to be done. But the good work goes on with the goodwill of all concerned. Although everyone looks forward to being in harness again with the chariot of peace, they know it will not be without some pleasant memories of war. Books will be among them.

BEDTIME CORNER

Brighteyes

ONE day Mummie came into the nursery and said to Paul and Jane: "Uncle Ernest is coming to see us today."

"Good!" exclaimed Jane. "Wonder what he'll bring us?" said Paul, for Uncle Ernest was noted for being jolly good fun, and was certain to bring them some lovely present.



"You would like to go to meet him, wouldn't you, children?" asked Mummie.

"Rather!" both cried, and a little later they set out for the station.

They were nearly there when suddenly a fast motor came tearing round the corner just as a little terrier dashed out into the road in front of it. Paul rushed forward and snatched the little dog up before the car reached him.

"What ever shall we do with him?" he asked, as they heard the train running into the station.

"Tuck him under your arm and come on," cried Jane.

They ran along and arrived on the platform to find their uncle walking towards the Lost Property Office.

"Uncle, we're here!" they called. He turned and saw them, and he also noticed the struggling mass under Paul's arm.

"Children!" he cried. "Where did you find that puppy?"

They told him how the little fellow had nearly been run over.

"Well, Brighteyes," said Uncle Ernest to the puppy, "that's adventure No. 1 for you. You see, children," he went on, "I was bringing Brighteyes to you as a present. He escaped as I was helping an old lady out of the carriage and I couldn't find him anywhere."

"What a good job we found him!" exclaimed Jane.

"And what a lovely present, uncle," said Paul gratefully.

When they got home Mummie quite agreed.

Battle of the Fields

A GAIN OF THREE-FOURTHS

THE ploughshare and the sword have become complementary weapons, first in the defence of Britain, and today, when we have passed to the attack. What has so far been achieved in the never-ending Battle of the Fields has been set out in a recent journal of the Ministry of Agriculture.

It is claimed and shown that the result has surpassed the greatest expectations. Millions of acres recently covered with grass and scrub are now producing food for man and beast. During the present season alone the tillage area has increased over that of 1942 by 750,000 acres. Well has British agriculture responded to the appeal made by the Prime Minister in 1940 when he asked for 'the greatest volume of food of which this fertile island is capable.

The Report has a map showing the increase, county by county, in the area under crops between 1939 and 1942. 1943 will show a further great increase. The great percentage increases in crop land have occurred chiefly in the western and central counties. In the depressed conditions between the two great wars these districts greatly increased their grass areas, grass being the cheapest crop to grow in climatically suitable districts, and a substantial part of agriculture's war effort has been a reversal of that process. As to individual crops, we find the following changes compared with pre-war days: wheat increased 35.6 per cent, oats 72 per cent, potatoes 80 per cent, and vegetables 55 per cent.

As regards the agricultural output as a whole, we find that the increase has been 70 per cent, if we have reference to *net output from our own soil*. That part of the output derived from imported feeding-stuffs is excluded from

this figure. It is important to note this, because, whereas before the war our imports of feeding-stuffs amounted to 8.5 million tons, in 1942-3 it was reduced to 1.3 million tons. The figures for the livestock population reflect this fall in imports of feeding-stuffs. As compared with pre-war figures, cattle showed a slight increase of 4.6 per cent, while sheep showed a fall of 17.8 per cent, pigs a fall of 51.9 per cent, and poultry a fall of 24.2 per cent. The increase in cattle was due to the Government's insistence on priority for milk production.

Although our crops have so greatly increased, there was a slight fall in the number of regular male workers employed on the land, but the Women's Land Army numbered 58,000 at the end of March, 1943.

The increase in the war effort was largely due to the increased use of tractors; in 1939 the number was only 59,000, whereas in 1942 it was 150,000. Unfortunately, a certain amount of agricultural land was unavoidably lost through its use for military and industrial purposes; but much land was won through reclamation.

In sum, the gain of about three-fourths in our agricultural output, despite the difficulty in obtaining imported feeding-stuffs, is exceedingly creditable to the British farmer, and is quite as wonderful in its way as the extraordinary efforts made by our war industries.

Saving Materials and Labour

MUCH has been done by the Ministry of Supply to save raw materials. Indeed, savings have been so great that whereas our war production has risen three times since 1940 our imports of raw materials have fallen to less than half of what they were.

Large amounts of metal and wood have been saved by ingenious economies. Thus the redesigning of an ordinary cotton reel saves us 6000 tons of timber in a year. Or, to take another example, the wooden lapping board used by drapers as a core for rolls of fabric has been reduced to a wooden frame covered with paper, instead of a strip of solid wood. This has saved some 50,000 tons of wood since the war began.

The synthetic resins which we call plastics have played a considerable part in economising the use of metal. No less than 2000 tons of brass are saved annually by making regimental buttons and badges out of plastic material.

The saving of material and labour in the making of artillery and shells has been notable. The electric forging of six-pounders and shells entirely abolishes waste. In shells ranging from twenty-five-pounders to 9.2-howitzers, improved forging has saved 400,000 tons of steel and 18,000,000 man-hours of work.

A new process for manufacturing rifle barrels has not saved material, but the man-power which formerly produced two barrels now produces 100! The new bayonet, made of fabricated parts, saves 60 per cent of labour and 50 per cent of steel, and is, moreover, made by women.

A FRAGMENT OF A PALACE

LONDON streets can show so many links with the past that if one perchance vanishes overnight few Londoners know of it. Such a vanishing has recently happened near the riverside in Southwark—an archway which had long stood witness to the medieval palace of the Bishops of Winchester, who lived here from the 12th century until they moved to Chelsea in 1649.

This archway, which once stood below the kitchen of the bishops' banqueting hall was at the corner of Stoney Street and Clink Street, that odd byway flanked by tall cliffs of warehouses which leads to Southwark Cathedral. But it had grown dilapidated and dangerous and so it had come down.

Now the only relic of the palace walls that once looked out on the pomp and circumstance of Cardinal Beaufort and Cardinal Wolsey is a rose window, not far off, some 15 feet wide.

Now THEN, SMITH!

LAST week the CN was telling of some of the good work of the Allied invaders of Sicily—the Friendly Enemy—and it is small wonder that the Sicilians, long under the heel of a native tyranny, should have welcomed our men with open arms.

The Sicilians, however, have had good cause to welcome Anglo-Saxons before, and particularly the people of Messina. Here is a tale which has an added interest in these days when the streets of Messina are thronged with Englishmen. Who knows but that there are people in Messina today who remember the Smith of this story! Such men as he sowed some of the seeds of the goodwill now being harvested.

In the appalling days of the Messina earthquake, when Mount Etna burst out in eruption, flinging fire and death over the majestic hills and plains of Sicily, there was a man named Smith who crowned himself and all the British Fleet with honour.

Fires Raging Everywhere

In the midst of the disaster a British ship came up to help the stricken people of Messina. Fires were raging everywhere, houses were toppling down, and the sound of explosions filled the air. At the top of a burning building a number of people were crying for help.

The sailors brought a ladder and leaned it against a wall that threatened to topple over every minute, and somebody was wanted to climb the ladder and bring the people down. It might be thought, perhaps, that there would be a call for volunteers, a gathering of the crew and a consultation. But there was nothing like that; it was all very simple. The captain looked at the men, and his eye fell on a man he knew. "Now then, Smith," he said; and in an instant Smith was up the ladder, bringing the people down.

HARD TIMES

IN that Dickensian quarter of London just south of London Bridge there used to live an artist of whom we like to think Charles Dickens would have made a friend. His name was Austin Spare. For a number of years his work was unnoticed, but other artists and collectors gradually came to hear of it, and he began, if not to prosper, at least to make a living. Up till the outbreak of the war, Austin Spare was managing well enough, with a studio near the Elephant and Castle, and a little art school of his own. Then came the blitz, wiping out all he had, including 300 of his paintings. The artist's home and studio were destroyed, and he himself was hurt, though he was lucky to be in the street fire-watching. But his arm was injured, and for a long time he was unable to do much work.

Austin Spare is now living in a basement in Brixton, instead of an attic in his beloved Southwark, and although his arm still troubles him, and times are hard, he is not complaining. Brixton is not Southwark, but its people are much the same as those humble neighbours south of London Bridge whom this kindly artist has always preferred to paint and dwell among.

Scholars From Many Nations

THESE are great days for our two ancient and revered Varsity towns of Oxford and Cambridge, which among other war work have managed to show exceptional kindness to refugees. In most of our Universities, indeed, there are activities which will have far-reaching effects long after the war is over.

Though many men and women who would have been among their students are in the Forces instead, and must wait until the war is over to complete their education, a good proportion of undergraduates who are studying medicine, science, and engineering have stayed behind to complete their courses precisely because this is the way in which they can help the war effort best. Though it is now the Long Vacation, a time when normally there are only a few students in residence, many black gowns are still to be seen in quadrangle and court and cloister, mingling with uniforms of many nations, and if you were to investigate you would find that not a few of their wearers were not British at all.

This is one of the finest things this country is doing at the peak of our great historic era. We are not merely opening the gates of learning to the exiles from Hitler's tyranny, but we are giving scholarships to young men and women from Germany, Austria, Poland, Hungary, France, and the Low Countries so that they may study without hardship or privation and fit themselves for the vital tasks of teaching and leadership which will be theirs, we hope, very soon. Europe's universities are closed to these young people. But Europe's universities have been closed by Hitler to all the winds of freedom and sanity for long enough to make them no fit place for learning until they have been scourged and cleansed by the

forces of freedom. The young men and women who will take a chief part in that cleansing process are continuing at Oxford and Cambridge and elsewhere the studies which were forbidden to them in Germany and in Occupied Europe; and they are studying more than mere examination subjects.

In these seats of learning, and most of all in Oxford and Cambridge, for centuries the glory of England and of Europe, they are imbibing the spirit of our ancient and invincible traditions, our passionate devotion to freedom, our sense of balance and fair-mindedness amongst people whose opinions may differ upon different subjects, but who are united in their determination that all opinion shall have a free hearing.

In the calm and serene air of the Isis and the Cam, along the green river-banks and in the shade of grey and venerable walls which looked upon Wycliffe and Shelley and Swinburne, on Oliver Cromwell and Isaac Newton, the lads shut out from Heidelberg and Vienna, exiled from the Sorbonne and the lovely and gracious lanes of Leyden, are shaping body, mind, and soul for a brighter and happier future.

When they return to their own countries, equipped for the great future which is theirs to have and to hold, we do not doubt that they will take with them the message of Britain's greatness, the hope of all the world—the love of liberty which we have upheld throughout all the ages.

FREE! £10 IN CASH PRIZES EVERY MONTH!

Read this exciting story of Michael and Monica, and win a prize THE SPY-CLISTS. Michael and Monica find a German parachute in a wood and take it to the police.

Sergeant Bailey had been a great —(1)— of Monica's and —(2)— ever since Michael had smashed up his old bike speeding down Sandy Hill. On that occasion the Sergeant had bound up his leg, fished the remains of the bike out of the ditch, and suggested grimly as he viewed the wreckage, "You'd better get your Dad to buy you a B.S.A. young man. They're about the only bikes that will stand up to your idea of riding!" That was two years ago, and now he was examining the parachute they had brought to the Police Station. "It's German all right," he agreed. "I'll have to get a search —(3)— out right away."

"Can we help?" asked Monica. "You can ride round the —(4)— and warn everyone," said Sergeant Bailey. "Tell them to look out for any stranger." "There's the new schoolmaster—" began Monica. But Michael interrupted her. "Oh, he's all right. Aunt Mary saw him get off the —(5)— last night. The —(6)— must have come by plane."

It was exciting riding round the village warning people to look out for any stranger who —(7)— be a spy in disguise.

The last —(8)— they told was old Miss Skinner whom they found sitting with her cat —(9)— a cottage garden that was full of roses and hollyhocks. Their news put her quite in a flutter. "A spy!" she exclaimed. "How dreadful! And you say you found the parachute in Primrose Wood? Why, you couldn't..." She paused, and then went on with her painting.

All you have to do is to supply the 9 words which have been left out of the story. Write each one against the proper number in spaces provided on this form. Fill in your name, address, and date of birth, cut out and post to B.S.A. Cycles Ltd., Missing Word Competition, Dept. S.2, Small Heath, Birmingham, 11, to be received not later than October 9th. There are 3 prizes of £5, £3 and £2 for the best and most apt sets of answers. If two or more entrants tie for any one or more prizes, the prize or prizes will be divided equally between those entrants. Not more than one solution may be submitted by an entrant. The competition is limited to boys and girls under the age of 15 on 1st September, 1943. The decision of B.S.A. Cycles Ltd. is final and no correspondence can be entered into. Names of winners will be published later in this paper.



ENTRY FORM No.2	
Name	1
Address	2
	3
	4
Date of Birth	5
And don't forget to get your parents to put your splendid new H.S.A. Bicycle on order for you. They're scarce because of wartime, but you'll get your B.S.A.—if you're patient.	
BSA The Bicycle you can't beat	
	6
	7
	8
	9

8

All the Difference

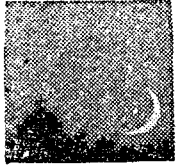
HE was holding his left side as though in pain.
 "Oh!" he yelled. "I think I've got appendicitis."
 "But the appendix is on the right," protested his friend.
 "I know; but I'm left-handed."

Camouflage

AN old man whose surname was White
 Had whiskers that grew in the night;
 They grew such a pace
 That they hid all his face,
 And he couldn't see when it was light.

Other Worlds

IN the evening Mars is in the east. In the morning Saturn is in the south-west and Jupiter is low in the east. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 8 p.m. on Thursday September 2.

**When a Pear is Ripe**

TO tell whether a pear is ripe for picking hold the branch in one hand and with the other raise the pear lightly. If the stalk parts from the branch it is a sign that the fruit is ready for gathering. This test will help in selecting pears for storage as well as those fit for immediate use.

How Kind

A GRASSHOPPER jumping his best
 Was advised by a Hen to take
 "We must save your poor legs,"
 Said the Layer of Eggs,
 As she swallowed him down with

THE BRAN TUB

A CURIOUS WORD

THERE is a very remarkable word in the English language. The first two letters signify a man, the first three a woman, the first four a man, and the whole word of seven letters a woman. What is it?
 Answer next week

Keeping Fit

A SAILOR who lived on a ship
 Got a rope and attempted to skip,
 But he trod on a thin
 Piece of pineapple skin.
 And the captain said, "That was a slip!"

HIDDEN FOODS

IN the following verses are concealed the names of six foods that are mentioned in the Ministry of Food's ration books.

A boy named Pegg saw me at Mr. Dice's—
 From Ilkeston in Derbyshire he came.
 He told me of some beef at special prices,
 And plenty of it—what a wicked shame.
 "This is a job a constable should face,"
 I thought, as he confirmed me in my fears.
 Young Pegg looked startled, turned and left the place.
 But, in his eyes, I thought that I saw tears.

Answer next week

A Tricky Trick

HERE is an amusing mock conjuring trick.

Get an egg-cup and a tea-cup with a handle. Ask your audience to push the egg-cup through the tea-cup handle. When they have all failed set both articles down on the table with the egg-cup close to the tea-cup handle, put your finger through the cup handle, and give the egg-cup a push with your finger-tip! You will then have done the trick and your friends will have a laugh over being "had."

Familiar Latin Phrases

Bona fide: in good faith, genuine.

Nulli secundus: second to none.

Alma mater: a benign mother. Applied by graduates when referring to the college or university they attended.

Primâ facie: on the first view.

Sub rosa: under the rose, secretly.

Vivâ voce: by the living voice, spoken.

Cross Word Puzzle

Reading Across. 1 Highway. 5 Dogs do and trees have. 8 Pertaining to the country. 10 Indefinite article. 12 Young goat. 13 To mimic. 14 Yourself and myself. 16 A kind of verandah. 18 Loyal. 20 A pastoral pipe. 21 One to whom a lease is granted. 23 Royal Engineers. 24 Belonging to it. 25 A cutting instrument reversed is past. 27 Exclamation. 28 Trials. 30 He fiddled while Rome burned. 31 A young hawk.

Reading Down. 2 Conjunction. 3 Swimming bird. 4 Bores. 5 Bachelor of Law. 6 A kind of sword. 7 One who makes dough. 9 Trouble. 11 Vertical division between the lights of a window. 13 An era. 15 To boil. 17 Animal fat. 19 Donkey. 22 A sheep. 26 A pig pen. 28 Denotes destination. 29 South Africa.

Asterisks denote abbreviations. Answer next week

The Children's Hour

Here are details of the B B C broadcasts for Wednesday, September 1 to Tuesday, September 7.

WEDNESDAY, 5.20 Nobby Clark and the Hurricane, another naval yarn by Horton Giddy, with Frederick Burtwell as Nobby and Barbara Couper as Lady Whipple. 5.50 Letters in the Sand, by Laurens Sargent—No. 6, Zayin.

THURSDAY, 5.20 The Valley of Om—an adventure serial by Marjorie Wynn-Williams. Episode 1—The Start of the Adventure, introducing Professor Mallory and his party as they set out in search of the mysterious Valley of Om.

FRIDAY, 5.20 Young Artists. Joyce Davies, piano; Dorothy

Forster, soprano; Roy Wilson, violin; Margaret Carr, mezzo-soprano; James Hopkins, cello; Janet Clayton, recitations; David Wilde, piano; Joyce Pocklington, soprano; and David Corlett, oboe.

SATURDAY, 5.20 A discussion on Athletics by the Sports Coach, F. N. S. Creek, and Jack Lovelock. 5.30 The Weavers of Wilton—a play by Norah Richardson.

SUNDAY, 5.20 Story and Children's Choir. 5.55 Prayers.

MONDAY, 5.20 The Picnic—a play about the Navy in peacetime, by Gilbert Hackforth-Jones.

TUESDAY, 5.30 Out with Romany—adventures among birds and animals.

Jacko the Cave Man

DURING the holidays the Jacko family visited some caves. Jacko thoroughly enjoyed the experience, but he felt that the others were not enjoying themselves and needed livening up. As they walked slowly along, sheltering from the drips beneath a huge umbrella, they were startled by weird noises which echoed and re-echoed through the cave. Just then Father caught sight of Jacko with a megaphone made from newspaper. As usual, the last act was with Father—and he did not use a megaphone!

VALUABLE

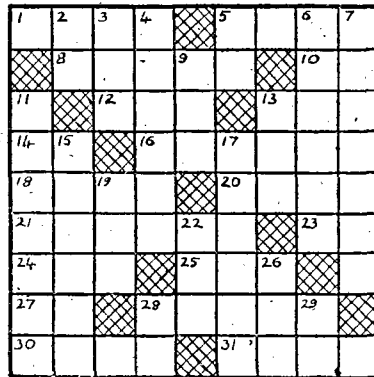
SNIP: Snap says he's working for all he's worth.

SNORUM: Yes; that's his happy way of saying he's getting only a pound a week.

THE SWORDFISH

A DANGER to ships sailing tropical and sub-tropical seas, not often thought about in our country, is the swordfish, whose strong, sword-like upper jaw, which is sometimes over 3 feet long, has been known to penetrate as much as 18½ inches of solid timber.

This fish can move very rapidly and lives on smaller fish which it attacks as they swim in schools and kills by piercing with its sword.



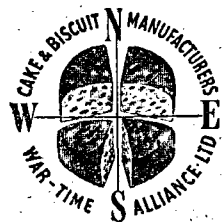
Asterisks denote abbreviations. Answer next week

Expressions of Satisfaction



"It's a piece of Cake"

"When the R.A.F. boys score a success they call it 'a piece of cake'. And, believe me, when they pop into the canteen for a hearty bite, the call is the same. . . . My! this open-air life gives me an appetite something like yours sonny. Let's go and see if there's cake for tea.



Remember that supplies are limited so don't buy more than your share.

CVS-120

One Up

A SCOTSMAN was showing a boastful friend a few of the sights of his homeland. Whatever the friend had seen he informed his guide that it could be bettered in the other countries he had visited.

As they approached the Forth Bridge the friend pointed to the huge structure, and said: "What is that piece of trelliswork over that small stream?"

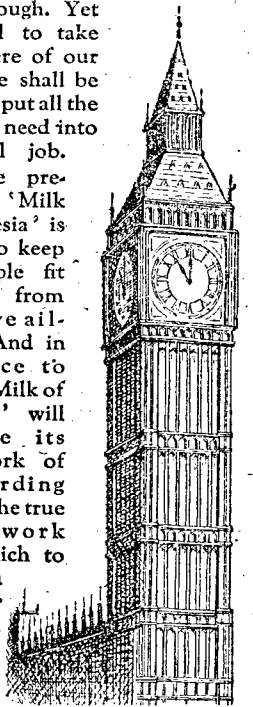
Not to be outdone, the Scotsman glanced idly at the bridge.

"Oh, that?" he remarked casually. "I'm sure I don't know. It wasn't there yesterday!"

...when chimes the Victory hour...

... we shall have another job of work to tackle—winning the peace. It is a task that will call for new ideas and new energy. We have the sound good sense to see it through. Yet if we fail to take proper care of our health we shall be unable to put all the effort we need into this vital job.

At the present time 'Milk of Magnesia' is helping to keep the people fit and free from digestive ailments. And in the Peace to follow, 'Milk of Magnesia' will continue its good work of safeguarding health—the true groundwork upon which to build a better Britain.

**'MILK OF MAGNESIA'**

Trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

THE NATION'S HEALTH IS THE NATION'S WEALTH

We intend to see to it that the children suffer as little as possible. Holidays and Bus Outings for older folk as well as for children will be given this year—for many the only break they will have from the dreary East End. Please help with a donation to:

REV. PERCY INESON,
 EAST END MISSION (Founded 1885),
 Bromley Street, Commercial Road,
 Stepney, E.1.

"FOUNTAIN PEN" ACTION

The Gillott Nib with the new "Inkeduct Reservoir" attachment (Pat. No. 477466) gives fountain pen action with advantages of Gillott Stainless Steel Nib. "Inkeduct" opens for easy cleaning. Supplied with four patterns of nib.

THE INKEDUCT HOLDS THE INK.

Until normal times arrive, supplies may be limited. So, treasure your INKEDUCT pens—they are valuable.

Gillott's Pens
 JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS LTD., VICTORIA WORKS, BIRMINGHAM